

Germany charges Great Britain with trying to disturb the peace of Europe.

Australia had last year 9760 miles of railway open. The capital expended on them has been \$537,000,000; the net revenue over working expenses is 2 1/2 per cent.

Belgium, like Italy, has adopted the twenty-four-day method of marking time for railway, post and telegraph; and the old distinction of a. m. and p. m. is to be abolished.

Japan has a practically inexhaustible supply of coal, but it is not liked, because its combustion produces dense volumes of smoke and makes it disagreeable in factories and on steamers.

Of the criminal population of the New York State prisons 2001 are now serving their first term, 648 are serving their second term, 325 have served more than one previous term, while 147 are of confirmed and decided criminal tendencies.

A scholarship of American history has been founded by the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The sum of \$250 per annum is to be devoted to the purpose, and the student passing highest in a competitive examination will be entitled to pursue, for two years, the highest course in American history taught by Barnard or Columbia College.

Since 1820, when immigration statistics first began to be kept, there have come into the United States to live 17,544,692 foreigners, or almost exactly the present entire population of Spain and half a million more than the entire population of England in 1851, and over four times the present population of Scotland. It might also be remarked that this is 1,000,000 more people than there are in all Asiatic Turkey, and about eight and one-half times the present population of Greece.

A new idea in finishing railroad cars has just been introduced by the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad, notes the Pathfinder. It consists in covering the outside of the car with a thin sheathing of copper, instead of paint and varnish. The new finish is put on more quickly and is more durable than paint and varnish. The copper may be oxidized before it is put on or left to the natural oxidizing influence of the air, which soon develops a handsome color. About 1000 pounds of the sheet copper are required to finish one car.

It is strange, marvels the New York Tribune, that American business men persist in packing goods carelessly and unintelligently for export to Mexico and South American countries, inasmuch as they are constantly told that they are thereby hurting their market. The United States Consuls in Mexico have again called attention to this matter, but their warnings will probably be unheeded. If the American merchants don't want the market of the Western Hemisphere, very well. But if they do, then it is surely worth their while to pay attention to the idiosyncrasies of the people whose trade they seek.

The latest thing out is the music cure, which is being exploited in Munich. A harp is attached to a rocking chair in such a way that when the patient rocks the harp twangs, and there you are. This may be all very well in its way; but what is really wanted is a cure for the misguided people who think they can play on pianos, harps, flutes and things, though they really can't. The New York Tribune maintains that if the Munich music cure, by the way, should be attached to the rockers of the American summer resort hotel, the summer begonia to Europe would be greater than ever, though we don't believe that Munich would reap much advantage from it.

A correspondent of a London paper laments the "swaggering nomenclature of the British Navy." Another correspondent suggests that such names as Bouncer and Insolent, which have crewlike adorned the list, should be replaced by something in a different tone—the Ritualist, for instance, or the Thoughtful Radical. Some years ago a classical poet in England likened the Ironclad to a rhinoceros, and it is rather a wonder that the Admiralty have not before this adopted the name of that powerful and self-asserting animal. These are his lines:

O Concentration of brute force,
Rhinoceros of the deeps!
O ugly Delos, on whose shores
No soft Latona sleeps!
Scant room in thee for birth or love
Mid Monster's furnace born,
The iron-throated guns above,
Below the ripping horn.

EQUAL AT LAST.

Out of the world the boggar man went
To-night, when his quota of days was spent,
Friendless, with nobody left to love him,
Watched alone by the stars above him.
The life that at birth had welcome and rest,
That was lulled to sleep on a mother's breast,
Alone, unconscious, gasped away
His ebbing breath 'neath a bed of hay.

Naught can now distress him,
Naught can joy or please,
Naught can curse or bless him,
Naught can soothe or tease.
No more sad or merry,
Done with tears and mirth;
Take the spade and bury
Him in another earth!

Out of the world the rich man went
To-night, when his quota of days was spent,
Many a tear for him, many a moan,
Not one moment they left him alone.
Love and gold around his head
Smoothed the folds of his silken bed;
But little recked he, and little he cared
As out of his body his spirit faded.

Naught can now distress him,
Naught can pain or please,
Naught can curse or bless him,
Naught can soothe or tease.
No more sad or merry,
Done with tears and mirth;
Take the spade and bury
Him in another earth!

To-night, on the edge of the spirit land,
Two souls, outgoing, loavesome stand.
Neither has silk and neither has hay,
And neither has even his body of clay.
Equal at last, and each alone,
And before them lies the vast unknown.
They stretch out hands until they meet,
And together pass on to the Judgment Seat.

Naught can now distress them,
Naught can joy or please,
Naught can curse or bless them,
Naught can soothe or tease.
No more sad or merry,
Done with tears and mirth;
Take the spade and bury
Them in mother earth!

—Elinor Nevin, in New York Independent.

THE COLONEL'S WIFE.

BY C. E. LEWIS.

NE day a mail rider arrived at the frontier fort with such news that a sergeant and six men and an ambulance were ordered out within an hour to escort and convey the colonel's wife down to the railroad. This was a trip of forty miles. For the first ten miles it was over a level plain, then the trail ran through the scrub, along the foothills, over five miles of desert, around the south base of the mountain and straight down to the railroad. It was a hard, rough trail. It took the army wagons from three to four days to make the forty miles. We could make it in two if allowed to pursue our way in peace. It was queer enough that the colonel should come down to us in person as we stood beside our saddle horses, knowing nothing of where we were to go or the object of the trip, but stranger yet that all "military etiquette" should go out of his voice and demeanor as he said:

"Men, I am going to send my wife down to the railroad to go East. You are to be her escort. It is a case of life or death, or she would not go. I am afraid of the Indians and yet I think you will get through all right. You are to make the best time possible. If attacked—"

"We shall beat them off, sir," replied Sergeant Gregg, after waiting half a minute for the colonel to finish.

"I hope you can. I can only send the seven of you and a driver. Eight men ought to beat off a hundred Indians, unless taken in ambush. Be watchful and prudent. Sergeant, you are an old Indian fighter. You will know best what to do. You will get away by 1 o'clock. Travel as fast as you can and as late as you can, so as to finish the journey to-morrow. If you are attacked—"

The colonel did not finish. He looked at each man and horse, inspected the ambulance and its pair of mules, and with a half nod to us he walked away. His wife must go, and owing to details and sickness, no commissioned officer could be sent along. If the Indians were out an escort of twenty men would not be too large. Only eight of us were to go. That he finished his sentence he would have said:

"If attacked and you are about to fall into the hands of the red devils do not let my wife be captured alive."

We understood what he meant, though we said nothing to each other. No matter what he or anyone else feared, the little woman was almost merry as she took her seat in the ambulance for the start. She trusted us to the fullest extent, and that feeling made every man worth three. Our horses were in fine fettle, and the first ten miles were covered in a gallop. Then the way became so rough that we could only proceed at a walk. We wound through the scrubby cedars and pines to the crest of a low mountain, and then descended into Little Valley at just 5 o'clock. A dash across the valley to the base of Blue Mountain would put us in camp for the night. We had progressed famously well, and had not yet sighted an Indian. Three different times we had to bridge chasms which mountain torrents had cut out within a week, and twice we had to drag trees and logs out of the path before we could go on.

Nothing had happened when we reached the valley, and as we looked around us and across it nothing could be seen to alarm. We had just taken the ropes off the blocked wheels of the ambulance when the warwhoop of the hostile Indians sounded behind us, and we looked back over our trail to catch sight of a hundred mounted

warriors bearing down upon us. They had picked our trail and run us down. "Mount! Now, straight across the valley! Fall in to the rear of the ambulance!"

The voice of the old sergeant was hard and firm as he spoke. The curtains of the ambulance were up, and I glanced at the colonel's wife. She had seen and heard. Her cheeks had paled, but she was removing a repeating rifle from its hooks as we fell in behind the vehicle. It was a clear five mile dash. The prairie was as level as a floor, and the mules needed no urging after hearing the yells of the Indians. The soldier driver wound the lines about his hands, braced his feet and away we went. We had a start of half a mile. No man looked back. The pace was not a hot one, and there was cover five miles away. The Indians gained on us, but only inch by inch. The mules took up such a gait that our horses had to lie right down to it to keep up. Not a word was spoken as we rode, but every ear listened to locate those coming up behind us. If they came too near we must halt and open fire while the ambulance pushed on. We had almost reached cover before three or four rifle bullets came singing over our heads. Three minutes later we were among the trees and rocks and the race was ended. As the ambulance halted and we flung ourselves off our horses I looked back and saw a band of at least seventy Indians aimed within rifle shot of us. The road struck the hills at a gulch, and they dared not follow us into that. They gave vent to their disappointment by shouts and yells and a waste of ammunition, and for a few minutes they had no plan in view.

"Well, we beat them in a fair race," said the colonel's wife, as she descended from the ambulance with the rifle in her hands. "Sergeant Gregg, what are you going to do now?"

"Take cover, ma'am," he replied, as he gave her the military salute.

"Yes, of course," she said, as she looked about. "Did you ever see a pair of mules run faster? I might have got a shot but for you men behind. There must be nearly a hundred Indians out there, but I guess we are safe enough now."

She rattled on in that fashion while we were taking the mules from the ambulance and unloading our horses, and it was a great weight on our minds to realize that she would not be a burden on our hands. It was idle to think of pursuing our journey in the darkness which would soon close down, and before more morning there would be plenty of Indians on the trail beyond. We must take cover and hope to stand them off until help arrived, or they grew discouraged at the siege. As we were consulting about location and defense the colonel's wife came back to us from the mouth of the gulch and said:

"There's the place, over to the left, men. There's a spring on that hill, with a good growth to shelter all, and you can see plenty of bowlders lying about."

The sergeant had selected the same spot, and in the course of a quarter of an hour we were occupying it. We got the horses and mules up there, but the vehicle was left behind. It was a cone-shaped hill amid half a dozen such, but it commanded the others. It was covered with pines and cedars of small growth, and there was a splendid spring right in the crest. If the Indians had been fierce in their pursuit or crafty in their plans, we could not have reached it. It was the outbreak of war again with them, and they were overcautious. They drew back into the valley to consult, thus giving us a fair show, and we were snaz enough when night fell, and they made a dash for us, which we easily repulsed. Darkness found us occupying a circle about forty feet across, with stones and bowlders and trees for shelter, and though the situation was an anxious one and full of danger, all were in good spirits. We made a fire between two rock and cooked our suppers, and by the use of blankets we went up a tent for the colonel's wife, though against her protests. After the one single effort of the Indians, which was doubtless more of a reconnaissance than an attack, we were left in peace, though all through the night we heard sounds to prove they were taking up positions on all sides of us and making ready for the morrow.

None of us except the woman slept an hour all night long. We used levers to loosen bowlders and roll them into the circle, and with our knives we cut off limbs and cut down small trees to further strengthen our fort. We got the horses into a sort of gully below us and made the position as safe as possible, and when daylight came there was nothing more to be done. We had about 600 rounds of ammunition, food for three days and water was at hand. Daybreak found us ready for an attack. The colonel's wife took her place, rifle in hand, between two men, and for half an hour we expected a sudden rush. At the end of that time a single warrior appeared to view at the base of the hill, and in broken English, demanded our surrender. The sergeant answered him that we were ready for them, and at the same time fired a shot which rolled the redskin's pony over. Three minutes later there was a circle of fire about us. Indians had mounted into trees to the right and left of us to get a plunging fire, and from the tops of two lower hills they poured in their bullets at random. We simply crouched down behind the rocks and smoked our pipes, pleased that they were throwing away their cartridges. At the end of an hour they ceased firing. Not a man of us had been touched, but stray bullets had killed one of the mules and wounded two horses. There would be a rush now, and as we made ready for it the colonel's wife sank down beside me and quietly said:

"I've tumbled over sage hens and jack rabbits, and I ought to be able to hit an Indian. Do I look frightened?"

"You are as white as a ghost, ma'am," I answered, as I turned to her.

"But I'm all right," she smilingly said, "and here they come."

So they did. With every painted warrior yelling at the top of his voice, the entire band charged us at once, taking in the whole circle. It was not until they got close up that we could see anything to shoot at, and every few seconds the sergeant cried out to us to hold our fire. It was over in a minute. They did not expect to find us entrenched, and we knocked them over like ninepins.

I believe we killed or wounded a full score, and it took the fight out of them so thoroughly that not a rifle was fired at us again until afternoon. Then, soon after two o'clock, and without the slightest warning, we were charged again, and for three minutes it was a wild melee. We fired into their very faces as they sprang upon the defenses, and two warriors were shot down inside our fort, and both by the colonel's wife. It was their final and supreme effort, and well it was for us that it was thus. When we had beaten them off Sergeant Gregg and another man lay down, four men were badly wounded, and they had cut our animals out of the gulch and run them off. Had the attack lasted a minute longer, or been renewed, two men and a woman would alone have opposed it. And among the queer things of that last dash was the behavior of the colonel's wife. With my own eyes I saw her shoot down two warriors who leaped the breastwork, and I believe she killed two or three more outside of it, and yet, when the attack had been repulsed, the little woman fell over in a dead faint, and for ten minutes we believed her dead from a bullet. When she came back to life she had a fit of weeping, and when that was over she turned to and attended our hurts and was ready for another brush.

We put in another night right there, not knowing that the Indians had drawn off, but soon after sunset next morning were relieved of all anxiety by the appearance of a scout, who passed on and sent us aid from the fort. The colonel's wife did not get down to the railroad, for that was the opening of a war which lasted for months, but there was no blame attached to any of the living who returned with her. On the contrary, the old martinet of a colonel took each one of us by the hand, breaking over "military etiquette" once more in his life, and said:

"You did well, my man, and here's my hand on it, and I won't forget you!"—Buffalo Times.

A Fatal Button.

A strange malady has broken out among the lower classes in portions of Mexico and in the State of Guerrero. Doctors of the city have been entirely baffled in their diagnosis and are powerless to alleviate the suffering or to prevent the spread of the disease, which has proved fatal in a large number of cases.

The symptoms are described to be languor, followed by the appearance of a bright yellow button upon the forehead, dizziness, sickness and vomiting, accompanied by exhaustion and collapse.

The disease is not allied to yellow fever, according to the physicians, and its symptoms more nearly approach the mysterious malarial known in Asia Minor than any other. It is stated that the people of Aleppo, Asia Minor, are all attacked by the disease at least once during their lifetime, and all newcomers to the city are attacked within a few days, but the disease, curious as it is, is rarely ever fatal in the far East.

In Mexico it assumes a malignant phase. The State and National Boards of Health are bestowing much attention upon it. Dr. Demetrio Majai, of the City of Mexico Board of Health, is investigating the epidemic.—New York Journal.

Artificial Silk.

So pronounced is the success of artificial silk that English mills are taking it up, and a large amount of machinery now idle is to be put to work weaving it. There has been a good deal of question as to the relative strength of the natural and artificial product. Experiments have been made which show that the latter has about eighty per cent. of the former, but the manner of working is quite different. Those who have worked with the artificial fiber are surprised at the exquisite colors produced. They take dye much more readily than the natural silk. Another peculiarity is the extremely rich and high luster of the fabric. Of course, the cloth made from artificial fiber will be less durable than the genuine thread of the silkworm, but it is promised in much less expensive grades, and when once the factories and mills are fully at work, it is claimed that prices will be wonderfully reduced, so much so, indeed, that everybody can afford to wear silk.

The Emperor of Russia does not care much for the bicycle, but his sisters are devoted to it. He likes lawn tennis better and devotes much time to it in summer at Peterhof. He is fond of art, and eminent Russian painters are frequently invited to bring their new pictures to his palace, where he gives much time to their inspection. He is not talkative, and usually expresses his thanks with a smile or a gesture.

Verne is still busy writing two romances a year, though he publishes only one. He goes to bed at 9, is up at 4, and from that hour until noon he is at work.

THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

An Interrupted Wedding—Saved by a Human Rope—Death on Either Side, Etc.

DURING the present very severe season in Northern Minnesota the wolves, which abound in the swamps and scantily settled timber lands, have become very bold under the pressure of hunger. A recent incident illustrates this fact very well:

A young Norwegian farmer, who had "bached" during the five years he required to make good his title to his farm, built himself a substantial house during that time, and then came to the conclusion that he had lived alone about long enough. So he induced the blooming daughter of his nearest neighbor, a thriving farmer of the same nationality, to accept a half share in his farm and a whole interest in his affections. The wedding ceremony was to take place at the residence of the bride's parents, some five miles from the farm of the prospective bridegroom. The guests assembled, the minister was present, and the only thing lacking to a perfectly successful wedding was the fact that the bridegroom tarried.

Hour after hour passed, and he came not; the young lady's perplexity passed into grief, then tears, and finally hysterics. The father, a lineal descendant of the Vikings, who had set down his prospective son-in-law's non-appearance to bashfulness, became enraged when it began to look as if his daughter had been deserted.

Summoning his grown sons and a posse of the guests at the wedding which had not materialized, they went to the bridegroom's house, and found it dark, locked up, and with a broad trail of this, or Norwegian snowshoes, leading straight into the woods, which confirmed the father's suspicions that Olaf had turned traitor. He said nothing, but hastening home, took down his Winchester, and accompanied by two of his sons, similarly armed, set out for Aitkin in pursuit of the recreant.

Ill would it have fared with Olaf had the old man caught him, but he did not, and for a very good reason. Olaf was having troubles enough of his own about then, and no doubt would have been thankful for the chance to relate them to any one, having fallen victim to a tailor. The tailor, after the fashion of his kind, had failed to send home Olaf's wedding garments as he had promised, on the day before that set for the wedding.

Olaf waited, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," till after dark, and then donning his skis, started for town. The distance across country is only a little more than two miles, and being an expert ski-walker, Olaf had no doubt of his ability to reach town, get his garments, and return in ample season to reach his bride's residence in time for the ceremony.

That he did not was no fault of his, for he reached town all right, found his garments waiting for him, donned them, and set out for home and happiness at racing pace.

All would have been well if the wolves had not put in an appearance. But they did, and a few of them catching sight of the prospective Benedict fleeing over the snow, took after him at once. This was on a clearing, and Olaf had to strain every nerve to reach the timber before the wolves could reach him. Kicking off his skis, he "shinned" up a small tree, leaving the wolves at the foot of it, frantically trying to climb after him. About every wolf in the township, hearing the howls of his brethren at the foot of Olaf's perch, connected the sound with the idea of a free lunch in progress somewhere, and came at top speed to take a hand.

On this perch poor Olaf remained until the old Viking came to his rescue, at just about daylight the next morning. The old gentleman, who had reached town with his wrath at boiling point, heard that Olaf had been there, found what his errand had been, and promptly "sized up" the situation correctly. Beating up a party of expert ski-men and rifle shots, they took Olaf's track, and finally came within hearing of the concert which was being played at the foot of the tree for the benefit of one very unwilling auditor. The rescuers endeavored to creep up near enough to secure enough wolf scalps to repay Olaf for his tribulations, but the ever suspicious brutes took the alarm, and got away with the loss of but two of their number. Luckily, the night had not been extremely cold, and Olaf escaped with some pretty severe frost bites. The wedding came off the next day.

Saved by a Human Rope. Actors who "do" "spans of life" and "human bridges" might have received valuable instruction had they been in the vicinity of the Passaic Falls, in Paterson, N. J., on a recent afternoon when Frederick Billson was saved from being carried over the roaring cataract by the efforts of four men who formed a living life line.

Billson is a member of the Excelsior Boat Club and an expert oarsman. The Excelsior club house is situated just above the Passaic Falls, and when Billson entered his shell the water was high and swift, and swept toward the Society Dam, which is about one hundred feet above the falls. With difficulty Billson turned the shell's bow up stream, and, after pulling some distance, turned about. He had miscalculated his strength and soon realized it. He was unable to gain a foot.

Inch by inch the frail craft was swept back, notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts of the desperate oarsman. The slender sculls, which

AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

COAL TO BOIL SAR.

Under the old methods of tapping trees enough were killed by the severe frosts made to keep the fires supplied that are needed to boil the sap. But in most places coal is quite as cheap a fuel as wood, especially if thrifty maple trees have to be cut down to feed the fires. A wood flame is sure to be uneven, not furnishing the steady regulated heat which is needed to make the best product.

NEWLY THRESHED CHAFF. Farmers who thresh oats by hand in winter find that the oat chaff is much more readily eaten by stock than is the same straw and chaff threshed by the machine some months before. It is not altogether because the hand threshing leaves more of the grain with the chaff, though that is quite likely to be the fact. The chaff newly threshed is in much better condition than old chaff can be, especially if it has been exposed to the weather. There is probably no part of the straw stack so sure to be wet into as under the carrier, where the chaff mostly remains. It is apt to be tramped solid in stacking, and as the chaff is more porous than straw, it takes the water from rains and rots quickly.

PLANTING BEANS AND POTATOES.

The rule to plant beans with the eye down may answer with very late planting, but it is not to be recommended while the soil is cool and moist in the early spring. The bean is very impatient of wet or cold, and is more likely to rot with its eye turned toward light, air and warmth. On the other hand, potatoes which somebody has advised to be planted with the cut side down ought always to be planted exactly the other way. The potato likes cool and moist soil, and its roots grow all the stronger while the shoot starts from under the cut piece, and then turns upward to the light. Twenty years or more ago we made a careful experiment in planting potatoes, having four rows, two of which were planted out side up and the other two the reverse. The rows were close together, and the potatoes which had to start and turn in the soil before coming to the surface had all the season stronger vines and in the fall yielded more marketable potatoes than did the others. The vines also kept green longer, because the roots starting under the potato set got firmer hold on the soil than when they started near the surface.

SALT FOR HORSES. A story "with a moral to it"—with two morals in fact—is told by F. D. Terry, grange lecturer, as follows: The horses in a certain place were many of them ailing. They were not doing well; hair looked rough, and still they didn't seem to have any disease. The doctor was puzzled for some time. At last he happened to find out that they did not believe in salting horses. It was a common custom not to. Then the mystery was solved. But, of course, he did not tell the truth, and to go home and give them salt regularly, and they would be all right. That wouldn't have gone down. So he quietly fixed up a pound or two of salt in a package and colored it with red clay and told a man just how to feed it daily, and how much to a horse. Soon the horse was better, and the doctor's fame rose, and he often took in \$3 to \$5 a day for his medicine, and hundreds of dollars in the aggregate. Actually, one man offered him \$200 for the recipe for this "condition powder!"

Perhaps none of our readers helped the doctor to get rich, but thousands of them, probably, do not salt their horses properly to keep them healthy. This doctor friend has a box in one end of the manger with salt always in it. We use a lump of rock salt. The horses lick a little, perhaps, several times a day. They should have it all ways before them. Although a small matter, it is a large matter in helping to keep the horse in perfect condition.—The Silver Knight.

Pianos Catch Cold.

Half the pianos of this country catch winter colds exactly as we do. They get hoarse or have a cough or a stiff note or some similar complaint which cannot be cured by home remedies, but which requires tedious and expensive doctoring. In order to prevent these avoidable ailments a piano should be kept in a moderately warm room where the temperature is even, say sixty or seventy degrees the year round—not cold one day and hot the next. The instrument should not, however, be too near the source of heat. It should be kept closed and covered with a felt cloth when not in use, particularly in frosty weather. Always place the piano against an inside wall, and a little out from it.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

First English Book.

The first book written in the English language—that is, after the Saxon had assumed a form we now call English—was "The Travels of Sir John Mandeville." This book is remarkable from the fact that it shows a clear and correct idea of the shape of the earth, and that it is possible to travel round it and return to the starting point from the opposite direction—thus anticipating the discovery of Columbus by nearly a century and a half.

John Adams's Home Restored.

It is designed in restoring the old home of John and Abigail Adams at Quincy, Mass., to preserve for future generations a good example of the New England cottage of the last century. The house is a little less than 200 years old, and in it more than a century ago John Adams and his bride began their housekeeping. John Quincy Adams was born there in 1767.

Rescued From Beneath Thirty-Five Feet of Earth.

John Gamble, of Montague, will have a thrilling story to tell to his great-grandchildren of an experience that befell him Saturday.

At 9 o'clock that forenoon Gamble was at the bottom of Mr. Clapp's well cleaning it out, when, without warning, the walls caved in. A force of men at once rushed to the spot and began digging. No one ever expected to see Gamble alive again, yet each man wrked as if his own life depended upon his efforts. Along through the darkness of the night they toiled, and one by one the rocks and spadefuls of earth were lifted from above Gamble's resting place.

At 2 o'clock a. m. they were down thirty-five feet with the digging when the man at the bottom of the excavation was astonished to hear groaning from beneath his feet. With a shout the men renewed their efforts and tore the stones away. Gamble was found in a crouching position against the lower stones of the well. The falling walls had formed a low arch just above him, thus saving him from being crushed and furnishing him space for breathing. He was alive and conscious but very weak, and was taken tenderly up and restoratives applied. In a short time he recovered and was placed in bed. The bruises on his body will disable him for a few weeks. The village was never so awfully worked up, and many wept with joy when Gamble was found to be living.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.